

Good Morning 590

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Four at No. 3 Greet Ldg. Sto. Bill Harvie

WE called at 3 Ringwood Road, Walthamstow, E.17, the day after your brother Chris was discharged from the Army, Leading Stoker Bill Harvie, and we found him pleased with this opportunity of sending his greetings to you. After three years in Burma, Chris hadn't then settled down to the changing moods of the English climate again, and we unfortunately picked one of the coldest days of the year to visit Ringwood Road. Both your mother and father

are well, Bill, and so are Frank, Sid and Sammy. Your mother has just had some news from Australia, and adds that she hopes you have been able to meet Jim. She also says that she has seen one of your girl-friends—but which one she didn't say!

From Rose, Laura and Joyce, from your dog Yo-Yo, and from the regulars at the Markhouse Arms, come best wishes for you, Bill, and all are hoping to see you again before very long.

GENIAL SCOT IS CAPTAIN OF GATEWAY TO LONDON

The smartest of Thames bridges is Tower Bridge—and the reason is that its staff of 82 come mostly from the Senior Service—says HOWARD JOHNS.

CAPTAIN of the Gateway to London! That is the title that has sometimes been given to Engineer Lieut.-Commander John Buchanan, M.I.E., a genial Scot, and a well-known engineer, who is the present superintendent of the Tower Bridge.

He has held this post for the past fourteen years, and during the 1914 war was a popular figure aboard Q-ships and monitors. A large number of the men who make up the staff of the Tower Bridge are former stalwarts of the Senior Service, and it is one of the smartest of all bridges. In peace-time the superintendent has a staff of 82 men working upon the bridge, but to-day, because of the war, can only call upon 62 men. When

one knows the terrific maintenance work to be carried out upon such a great bridge—they do all their own repairs—it is surprising how so much is accomplished.

Everything is worked out to perfection. That is why the public for half a century have experienced such a smooth-running service.

Since the first day it opened, on June 30th, 1894, until June 19th, 1944—when the last returns were made—the Tower Bridge has opened for shipping 292,366 times.

The record number of "lifts" in one day is 55, and the actual lifting and lowering takes from four to five minutes.

It has been said, however that on one occasion this was accomplished in two and a half minutes. Altogether, in peace-time, traffic is held up, by ships passing, only a matter of two weeks out of fifty-two.

Apart from the electricity that lights the bridge in peace-time, the power on the "Gateway to London" is generated in a building at the south end of the approaches.

I was shown, by Lieut.-Commander Buchanan, the generating house, where two large engines—each of 360 indicated horse-power—were located. These are alternately at work, usually for about two or three weeks at a time, pumping continuously into the hydraulic accumulators, which are ready power storage vessels.

These store hydraulic power, which is then transmitted to the machinery on the centre piers, where, under the command of levers operated by experts in the control cabins, it is used for the



raising and lowering of the bascules.

"How do you know when a ship wants to pass beneath the bridge?" is a common question asked by people when they see a vessel going through the opened spans.

It is simple. When a ship is approaching from London it flies a signal, which can be seen by the men in the control cabin on the north-east side of the bridge.

When a vessel steaming from the estuary needs to pass through, a Port of London official, on duty at Cherry Garden

Pier, telephones the bridge, and operations immediately commence.

In normal times, a daily average of sixteen ships pass under the bridge, one of the biggest ever to glide through being the "Arandora Star." She was a vessel of 10,000 tons.

Until 1909, when they were closed to the general public, the footbridges were used by passengers to cross while a ship was passing through the opened bascules. Standing 140 feet above Trinity High Water, the footbridges were used by means of hydraulic lifts and staircases in the towers.

Eventually, however, it was found that by the time passengers were walking across the footbridges the spans were back in position and normal traffic was again in operation.

When Tower Bridge was being constructed, it was suggested that the towers might be used as barracks for troops, but this was never a popular idea. In the past, Commander Buchanan and other bridge employees have resided in them.

In his years as "Captain" the Commander has had many interesting experiences. Perhaps the most amusing was when a small boy, looking through the ornamental ironwork, got his head jammed. Horrified, he began to shout for help; a large crowd gathered, and a bridge official quickly arrived on the scene.

For several minutes every method was tried in an attempt to release the boy, but it was useless. Eventually the bridge superintendent ordered one of his men to cut the lad free.

So over the side of the bridge went a workman and hacked away part of the ornamental ironwork—while the lad was fed with chocolate.

A few hours later, on his way home, the same lad managed to get his head fixed in some iron railings in another part of London.

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

"BLACK JUDE indicted on murder charge... Grand Jury Acquitted..."

Black headings flash at you on the cinema screen. The crisis-point of every film trial scene is a "shot" of flashing newspaper headings, or a scene filmed of newspapers piling off the delivery end of a printing machine.

Just as pages torn off a calendar vividly show the passing of days and months, so graphic newspaper headlines are the best and cheapest method of establishing a definite point in the film's dramatic action.

But have you ever actually seen one of the film newspapers? On the screen you are generally allowed only sufficient time to read the headline—which is all you're meant to see!

These film newspapers, specially printed, are actually the most exclusive newspapers in the world!

Like all other major studios in Hollywood, the Paramount organisation has its own print shop. It has a linotype, a special vertical press, three open, hand-fed presses, an offset press, and more than 100 different fonts of type. A

Cosby, in charge, has seven men in his department, and they are all proud of their accomplishments in printing these "newspapers" to carry story points.

It is easier to say "Bank Bandits Get 500,000 Dollars" in a headline than it is to hire a couple of actors to talk about it.

A SERIES of newspaper headlines can carry a player through an arrest, a trial, a conviction, an appeal, and a death cell in less time than it takes to tell about it here.

So newspapers are important things in pictures. But they are troublesome. You cannot put the name of any real paper on the top of page one. The only real headline and story in the paper are the ones which concern your screen characters. Everything else is "pied" type—that is, a collection of lines of type that have no meaning of any kind.

Hollywood's newspapers can have but one banner line. You—in the audience—are supposed to look at only one thing; a second head would distract your attention.

Cosby and staff have recently been preparing a newspaper insert concerning the arrest of Barbara Stanwyck as a jewel thief.

The heading line will say something about "Beautiful Gem Thief Caught." There will be a story about Barbara. Only the first paragraph will be intelligible. The remainder will be junk.

The rest of the page will be carefully filled in, but it will not mean anything. The headlines will be carefully non-committal—things about "Boy Hero in Fire," "Auto Crash Hurts Six," "New Lending Company Formed."

YOU will never find names in Hollywood's newspaper headlines. No matter how accomplished in printing these "newspapers" to carry story points, there will be somebody in the world by that same name, with a lawyer right at his elbow, ready to sue.

The stories, as mentioned, are "pied" type. This is kept on hand in galleys and used as needed to fill up the page. They consist of a lot of words that

do not say anything or mean anything.

For example: "When we heat the filament only of the various trees and plants on the tip of his tongue and who family held together, a nation," appears under a head, "Three Nations on Radio Bill."

Hollywood's favourite newspaper title is a "New York Bulletin"—because there is not



Diana Lynn—child actress into glamour girl.

PEOPLE are not kidding about Tempus: it really flugs!

You know how it is. Everything seems just about the same as usual. Suddenly you look up at some beautiful young lady who, just a short time ago, was a child, and you realise with a start that you're not getting any younger!

Over at the Paramount studios in Hollywood this is what is happening almost daily to quite a number of people. For instance, Diana Lynn, who used to be a child actress, plays a glamour girl in her latest film, "Out Of This World." She wears fashionable evening gowns, filmy negligees, and does three heavy romantic scenes with Eddie Bracken. Gone are the pigtails, forgotten the pinafores and the flat-heeled shoes. And 'tis whispered, Diana is strictly what the boys will want for pin-ups as soon as they see "Out Of This World."

Just to show you how time flies, let your memory hark back to the day some four years ago when Paramount signed 14-years-old Diana Lynn. She was just a promising child pianist then, and she was known as Dolly Loehr. Her first film was "Magic in Music."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE LADY IS LANDED —or is she?

"NOW, lawyer, don't it look like a fair equalisation of rights and wrongs that a woman like that should be allowed to throw down Billings and take the man that can appreciate her?"

"Incompatibility," said Lawyer Gooch, "is undoubtedly the source of much marital discord and unhappiness. Where it is positively proved, divorce would seem to be the equitable remedy."

"Are you—excuse me—is this man Jessup one to whom the lady may safely trust her future?"

"Oh, you can bet on Jessup," said the client, with a confident wag of his head. "Jessup's all right. He'll do the square thing. Why, he left Susanville just to keep people from talking about Mrs. Billings. But she followed him up, and now, of course, he'll stick to her. When she gets a divorce, all legal and proper, Jessup will do the proper thing."

"And now," said Lawyer Gooch, "continuing the hypothesis, if you prefer, and supposing that my services should be desired in the case, what—"

The client rose impulsively to his feet.

"Oh, dang the hypothetical business," he exclaimed impatiently. "Let's let her drop, and get down to straight talk. You ought to know who I am by this time. I want that woman to have her divorce. I'll pay for it. The day you set Mrs. Billings free I'll pay you five hundred dollars."

Lawyer Gooch's client banged his fist upon the table to punctuate his generosity.

"If that is the case—" began the lawyer.

"Lady to see you, sir," bawled Archibald, bouncing in from his anteroom. He had orders to always announce immediately any client that might come. There was no sense in turning business away.

Lawyer Gooch took client number one by the arm and led him suavely into one of the adjoining rooms. "Favour me by remaining

here a few minutes, sir," said he, in connection with a will. I will "I will return and resume our conversation with the least possible delay. I am rather expecting a himself with obliging acquiescence, and visit from a very wealthy old lady and took up a magazine. The law-



"But, Daddy, he was YOUR chauffeur!"

yer returned to the middle office, carefully closing behind him the connecting door.

"Show the lady in, Archibald," he said to the office-boy, who was awaiting the order.

A tall lady, of commanding presence and sternly handsome, entered the room. She wore robes—robes; not clothes—ample and fluent. In her eye could be perceived the lambent flame of genius and soul. In her hand was a green umbrella. "Business is what I've bag of the capacity of a bushel, and come for. I want your opinion in an umbrella that also seemed to wear a robe, ample and fluent. She accepted a chair.

"Are you Mr. Phineas C. Gooch, the lawyer?" she asked, in formal and unconciliatory tones.

"I am," answered Lawyer Gooch, without circumlocution. He never circumlocuted when dealing with a woman. Women circumlocute. Time is wasted when both sides in debate employ the same tactics.

"As a lawyer, sir," began the lady, "you may have acquired some knowledge of the human heart. Do you believe that the pusillanimous and petty conventions of our artificial social life should stand as an obstacle in the way of a noble and affectionate heart when it finds its true mate among the miserable and worthless wretches in the world that are called men?"

"Madam," said Lawyer Gooch, in the tone that he used in curbing his female clients, "this is an office for conducting the practice of law."

"I am a lawyer, not a philosopher, nor the editor of an 'Answers to the Lovelorn' column of a newspaper. I have other clients waiting. I will ask you kindly to come to the point." "Well, you needn't get so stiff around the gills about it," said the

Continuing O. HENRY'S HYPOTHESES OF FAILURE

lady, with a snap of her luminous eyes and a startling gyration of her umbrella. "Business is what I've come for. I want your opinion in the matter of a suit for divorce, as the vulgar would call it, but which is really only the readjustment of the false and ignoble conditions that the short-sighted laws of man have interposed between a loving—"

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted Lawyer Gooch, with some impatience, "for reminding you again that this is a law office. Perhaps Mrs. Wilcox—"

"Mrs. Wilcox is all right," cut in

the lady, with a hint of asperity. "And so are Tolstoi, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Omar Khayyam, and Mr. Edward Bok. I've read 'em all. I would like to discuss with you the divine right of the soul as opposed to the freedom-destroying restrictions of a bigoted and narrow-minded society. But I will proceed to business. I would prefer to lay the matter before you in an impersonal way until you pass upon its merits. That is to describe it as a supposable instance, without—"

"You wish to state a hypothetical case?" said Lawyer Gooch.

"I was going to say that," said the lady sharply. "Now, suppose there is a woman who is all soul and heart and aspirations for a complete existence. This woman

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A dodo is an Egyptian mummy, extinct pigeon, Chinese doll, rest in music, gim-crack?
2. From what country did we get basket-ball?
3. To what religion do the lamas of Tibet belong?
4. Who wrote "How Green was my Valley"?

5. What does a collector of lepidoptera study?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Leather, Wood, Brick, Bone, Rubber, Vulcanite.

Answers to Quiz in No. 589

1. Extinct ostrich.
2. King of Lydia.
3. The mole over whose mole-hill the King's horse stumbled, causing his death.
4. Eddie Cantor.
5. 1902-3.
6. Girder is made of metal; others are wood.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



IT is surely a good omen that Geoffrey Roster, who revived the Corinthians after the last war, is chairman of the committee which has now been recalled to "conduct the affairs of the club with power to add to their number."

During the war the club, with so many of its members in the Forces, has only carried on against the schools, Maurice Coop acting as secretary in the absence of F. G. I. Packington on service in Malta.

It is from these schoolboy players that the committee, who are to contact Oxford and Cambridge, hope to build their first post-war teams. Few of the 1938-39 team are expected to turn out again.

Freddie Riley, Bertie Woolcock, Tony Strasser and Tom Whewell have been killed.



A STORM is raging in Durham City over the exorbitant charges made to Servicemen for the use of taxis from Durham North Road Station to various parts of the district.

One soldier, arriving at Durham late at night, was charged £1 for the journey to Esh Winning, six miles away. Another was charged 25s. for the journey to Sherburn, a 3d. bus ride from Durham. £1 was also charged for journeys to Sacriston (four miles) and Coxhoe (five miles).

Mr. Joshua Ritson, M.P. for Durham, is taking up the matter of these exorbitant charges with the Home Secretary.

One way of getting rid of these taxi profiteers would be to give the allocation of petrol they get to those private car owners who would be willing to meet late trains and to convey Servicemen to their homes free of charge.

Chatham, as you know, has a large rate list on the Dockyard gates. Not a bad scheme. I might carry one up to Dunoon one day.



"WHY does that sailor treat all his girls with wine?"
"He wants a little port in every sweetheart."

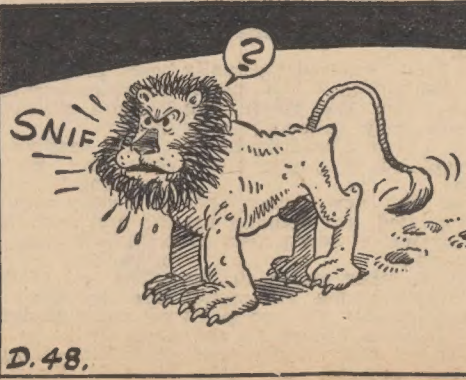
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

529

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: C*M*L*C*T*O*.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COKE into HEAT, and LOAD into CART.
3. What English county town has LI for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 528

1. CONFUSION.
2. TALK, task, cask, cast, cost, coat, CHAT; BRICK, trick, track, crack, crank, crane, crate, prate, plate, SLATE.
3. Paddington.

JANE



HYPOTHESES OF FAILURE

(Continued from Page 2)

has a husband who is far below her in intellect, in taste—in everything. Bah! he is a brute. He despises literature. He sneers at the lofty thoughts of the world's great thinkers. He thinks only of real estate and such sordid things. He is no mate for a woman with soul.

"We will say that this unfortunate wife one day meets with her ideal—a man with brain and heart and force. She loves him. Although this man feels the thrill of a new-found affinity he is too noble, too honourable to declare himself. He flies from the presence of his beloved. She flies after him, trampling, with superb indifference, upon the fetters with which an unenlightened social system would bind her.

"Now, what will a divorce cost? Eliza Ann Timmins, the poetess of Sycamore Gap, got one for three hundred and forty dollars. Can I—I mean, can this lady I speak of get one that cheap?"

"Madame," said Lawyer Gooch, "your last two or three sentences delight me with their intelligence and clearness. Can we not now abandon the hypothetical and come down to names and business?"

"I should say so," exclaimed the lady, adopting the practical with admirable readiness. "Thomas R. Billings is the name of the low brute who stands between the happiness of his legal—his legal, but not his spiritual—wife and Henry K. Jessup, the noble man whom nature intended for her mate. "I," concluded the client, with an air of dramatic revelation, "am Mrs. Billings!"

"Gentleman to see you, sir," shouted Archibald, invading the room almost at a handspring. Lawyer Gooch arose from his chair.

"Mrs. Billings," he said courteously, "allow me to conduct you into the adjoining office apartment for a few minutes. I am expecting a very wealthy old gentleman on

business connected with a will. In a very short while I will join you, and continue our consultation."

With his accustomed chivalrous manner, Lawyer Gooch ushered his soulful client into the remaining unoccupied room, and came out, closing the door with circumspection.

The next visitor introduced by Archibald was a thin, nervous, irritable-looking man of middle age, with a worried and apprehensive expression of countenance. He carried in one hand a small satchel, which he set down upon the floor beside the chair which the lawyer placed for him. His clothing was of good quality, but it was worn without regard to neatness or style, and appeared to be covered with the dust of travel.

"You make a specialty of divorce cases," he said, in an agitated but business-like tone.

"I may say," began Lawyer Gooch, "that my practice has not altogether avoided—"

"I know you do," interrupted

client number three. "You needn't tell me. I've heard all about you. I have a case to lay before you without necessarily disclosing any connection that I might have with it—that is—"

"You wish," said Lawyer Gooch, "to state a hypothetical case."

"You may call it that. I am a plain man of business. I will be as brief as possible. We will first take up the hypothetical woman. We will say she is married uncongenially. In many ways she is a superior woman. Physically she is considered to be handsome. She is devoted to what she calls literature—poetry and prose, and such stuff. Her husband is a plain man in the business walks of life. Their home has not been happy, although the husband has tried to make it so.

"Some time ago a man—a stranger—came to the peaceful town in which they lived and engaged in some real estate operations. This woman met him, and became unaccountably infatuated with him."

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

ALEX CRACK

"I hear you are marrying one of the Benson twins. How on earth can you tell one from t'other?"

"Oh, I don't worry about that."

She: "We went to 'Figaro's Wedding' last night; were you there?"

He: "Yes, I know him, a nice boy. Unfortunately, we couldn't get to the wedding, so we sent a greetings telegram."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Engrave. 5 Makes taut.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12		
13					14			
15			16	17		18		
		19			20			
21		22			23		24	
		25	26	27				
28	29		30			31	32	
33		34		35	36			
37				38				
39						40		

CLUES DOWN.

1 Direction. 2 Absentee. 3 Fodder rack. 4 Success. 5 Exist. 6 Ever. 7 Kent. 8 In addition. 9 Rough draft. 10 Ban. 11 Low. 12 Cub. 13 Exclaim. 14 Abiding. 15 On ship. 16 Requite. 17 Opportune. 18 Jot. 19 Head of chapter. 20 French noon. 21 Wild plant. 22 Item of footwear. 23 Young animal. 24 Compass point.

- 10 Come.
- 12 Part of egg.
- 13 Train.
- 14 French department.
- 15 Small flap.
- 16 Number.
- 17 Meshed fabric.
- 19 Band of soldiers.
- 21 Asterisk.
- 23 Native nurse.
- 25 Stage dumb-show.
- 28 Fuss.
- 30 Opposite.
- 31 Gull.
- 33 Animal.
- 35 Believe.
- 37 Spree.
- 38 Blur.
- 39 Salad plant.
- 40 Of mixed colours.

C BUSTLED C
A D A E R A E R R
P O T W E M V I E
A N T I S E P T I C S
B E E R T E L K S
L H R A C O O N S E
E H T A P I S F T
E W E R L E A L
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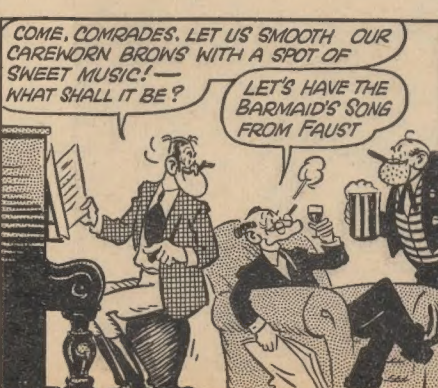
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TO-DAY'S STAR

Ruth Terry

RUTH TERRY was just ten years old when she decided upon a stage career. The pretty young actress won a singing contest in her home town, Benton Harbor, Michigan, in 1930, and immediately abandoned her plan to become a nurse.

Never having had a singing lesson, Miss Terry won three contests for vocalists before she was out of her teens. The first, when she was ten, brought her a cash prize of ten dollars. The second gave her an opportunity to sing at the World's Fair at Chicago, and the third made her a vocalist for a "name" band in the same city.

Unlike the parents of many stage-ambitious girls, Miss Terry's parents aided her in furthering her career. It was really her father's idea, she said, that she left Chicago, where she was singing in a supper club, to try her luck in New York. Singing with bands there in many of the most famous restaurants and clubs, she was noticed by motion picture talent scouts and offered a Hollywood contract.

She arrived in Hollywood in time to complete her education on a studio lot.

Cast in a number of outstanding productions, she was dissatisfied because she was not given a singing role, and secured a release from her contract.

Freelancing, she made a number of pictures for Republic which brought immediate fan reaction, and the studio signed her to a contract and began grooming her for stardom. Her latest pictures for Republic/British Lion were "Mystery Broadcast," "Jamboree," and "Sing Neighbour Sing."

The little girl from Benton Harbor now occupies a home in Beverly Hills. She is married to John Martin, a test pilot. Although she enjoys being a film star, she also likes running her home smoothly and efficiently.



PHIZ QUIZ

The boy from Pudsey whose job in life was to start the ball rolling for England.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 589: Charlie Chaplin.

Good Morning



SO THIS IS LONDON. To be more precise, it's London, S.E. To give a map reference — as we used to say in the Home Guard — it's Woolwich street market. And it's as typical a corner of London as you will find on a fourpenny bus-ride. There's a bookie — sorry, turf accountant — who places no limit on the amount of your money he is prepared to take. There's a queue for oranges, a cinema, and a pub called "The Salvation." Peer closely, and you will see the cinema invites you to "Make it a Matinee." We've peered and peered, but we can't find if "The Salvation" invites us to "Make a Night of It." But we still think it's a lovely name for a boozer!

FAIR DO'S FOR HAIR DO'S



The bouncing beauty above with the bird's-nest hair-do reminds us of a story. (Stop us if you've heard it.) Seems a young thing went to a fancy dress hop as an Irish Stew. When the evening was far spent and she far gone, a partner came up to her and said, "Excuse me, miss, but if you're an Irish Stew, then your dumplings are boiling over." Silly, we know — and we can't think why we brought it up.



The gal in the bath with the foaming hair-do is Irene Manning, Warner Bros.' star. She reminds us of a story, too. But that one will definitely have to wait!



TEMPTATION



EXPLORATION



GRAVITATION



DEVASTATION



CONSTERNATION

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"EXPECTORATION!"

